
ADVERTISEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

AS our plaintive Divine has apparently copied the tenderest touches of Ovid, and particularly the pathetic Epistle from OEnone to Paris; it is thought necessary to annex the Latin poem, that the learned Reader may immediately see how closely he has adhered to his classic model.

B

THE

Imperfect

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number of copies of Ovid, and particularly the
particular English from Orono to Paris; it is thought
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Reader may have a copy of the Latin
to his classic model.



[8]

THE
PATRIOT DIVINE, &c.

MAY'ST thou yet read, or does thy Bridegroom's
eye,

Proud of new power, my trembling hope deny?

Yet read these hapless lines, O read them all!

They are not tinctur'd with a Tory's gall.

Thy

OENONE PARIDI.

PERLEGIS? *an conjux prohibet nova? perlege: non est*

Ista Mycenæa littera facta manu.

Pegasus Oenone, Phrygiis celeberrima sylvis,

Læsa queror de te, si finis ipse, meo.

Thy Patriot Doctor, by thy pen made known,
Mourns the lost Authress, whom he thought his own.
Penurious Love must unlamented fail,
But lavish Folly has a right to rail.
Thou wast not rich (with reverence hear this truth)
Thou wast not in the heyday hour of youth ;
When, blest with wealth, and of a Bishop born,
I took thee drooping on the widow'd thorn.

To

OENONE PARIDI.

*Quis Deus opposuit nostris sua numina votis ?
Ne tua permaneam, quod mihi crimen obest ?
Leniter, ex merito quicquid patiare, ferendum est :
Quæ venit indignæ pœna, dolenda venit.
Nondum tantus eras, cum, te contenta marito,
Edita de magno flumine Nympha fui.
Qui nunc Priamides, (adsit reverentia vero)
Servus eras. servo nubere Nympha tuli.*

Sæpe

To my warm nest I bore thy languid head,
 And bade thee sleep on Flattery's softest bed.
 Secure from want, and safe from every storm,
 In Alfred's hall I nurs'd thy tender form.
 In History's field, who mark'd thy glorious game?
 Who taught thy grey goose-quill its noblest aim?
 Thro' darkest paths I shew'd thy pen its way,
 And bade the skulking Tory be thy prey :
I boast

OENONE PARIDI.

Sæpe greges inter requievimus arbore tecti ;
Mistaque cum foliis præbuit herba torum.
Sæpe super stramen sænoque jacentibus alto
Defensa est humili cana pruina casa.
Quis tibi monstrabat saltus venatibus aptos ;
Et tegeret catulos qua fera rupe suos ?
Retia sæpe comes maculis distincta tetendi ;
Sæpe citos egi per juga longa canes.

I boast my name ennobled by thy hand,
 And dubb'd thy Doctor in a quarto stand :
 As new editions spread, my fame shall grow,
 Print on ye Devils, and let my praises flow.
 A Book there is (from Bath's neat press it came)
 In which thy letters consecrate my name.
 Live honour'd Book (my prayers thy glory seek)
 Whose fairest pages to this purport speak :

“ When

OENONE PARIDI.

Incise servant à te mea nomina fagi :
Et legor Oenone falce notata tua.
Et quantum trunci, tantum mea nomina crescunt :
Crescite, & in titulos surgite recta meos.
Populus est (memini) fluviali confita ripa,
Est in qua nostri littera scripta memor.
Popule, vive precor, quæ confita margine ripæ,
Hoc in rugoso cortice carmen habes :

I

“ Cum

" When her free Priest the fair Historian flights,

" Whigs turn'd to Tories shall betray our rights."

Haste changing Whigs, your Tory treasons spread,

From her free Priest the fair Historian's fled.

I mark'd the day, on which to seal my fate,

Thy alter'd love assum'd a wintery state:

When thy arch Doctor, to relieve thy ills,

Brought thee, instead of paregoric pills,

His

OENONE PARIDI.

" Cum Paris Oenone poterit spirare relicta,

" Ad fontem Xanthi versa recurret aqua."

Xanthe, retro propera; versa que recurrite lymphæ;

Sustinet Oenonen deseruisse Paris.

Illa dies fatum miseræ mihi dixit: ab illa

Pessima mutati cæpit amoris hyems:

Qua Venus & Juno, sumptisque decentior armis

Venit in arbitrium nuda Minerva tuum.

Attoniti

His graceful friend.—When first I view'd the man,
 A shivering horror through my bosom ran.
 I ask'd advice, while fear shook every joint,
 Of good old women in so nice a point.
 Yet e'en that night you for the ball prepare;
 The strong poles tremble, that support your chair:
 Parting you weep; do not these tears disclaim,
 O rather blush at thy succeeding flame!

Yes,

GENONE PARIDI.

*Attoniti micuere finus, gelidusque cucurrit,
 Ut mihi narraſti, dura per oſſa tremor.
 Conſului (neque enim modice terrebar) anuſque,
 Longævoſque ſenes: conſtitit eſſe nefas.
 Cæſa abies, ſectæque trabes, &c., claſſe parata,
 Cærulea ceratas accipit unda rates.
 Flēſti diſcedens: hoc ſaltem parce negare.
 Præterito magis eſt iſte pudendus amor.*

Et

Yes, thou didst weep; and soft as infant-pap
 My mingled sorrows overflow'd thy lap :
 As the close ivy kills the wither'd elm,
 Thus my old body thy fond arms o'erwhelm.
 Oft when the ball scarce open'd, you suppos'd,
 (Your friends have smil'd)—the minuets were clos'd :
 On each adieu, how fondly would'st thou dwell,
 And to thy Patriot Doctor bid farewell !

Thy

OENONE PARIDI.

Et flésti, & nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.
Miscuimus lacrymas mæstus uterque suas.
Non sic appositis vincitur vitibus ulmus,
Ut tua sunt collo brachia nexa meo.
Ab quoties, cum te vento quererere teneri,
Riserunt comites ! ille secundus erat.
Oscula dimissæ quoties repetita dedisti !
Quam vix sustinuit dicere lingua, Vale !

D

Aura

Thy chairmen now have gain'd the open street,
 And boldly brush thro' every croud they meet.
 I to the window with regret repair,
 And gaze by moonlight on thy bobbing chair.
 Swift to return I charge the livery'd train,
 And swift to curse me they return again.
 That sad return a rival's joy declares,
 A rival reaps the harvest of my prayers.

In

O E N O N E P A R I D L

Aura levis rigido pendentia lintea malo
Suscitat; & remis eruta canet aqua.
Prosequor infelix oculis abeuntia vela,
Qua licet; & lacrymis humet arena meis.
Utque celer venias, virides Nereidas oro.
Scilicet ut venias in mea damna celer.
Votis ergo meis, alii rediture, redisti?
Hei mihi, pro dira pellice blanda fui?

Aspiciat

In Alfred's hall a lofty chamber stands,
 Its well-plac'd window all the street commands.
 Here first my eyes thy chair returning meet;
 I almost flew to stop it in the street.
 Thy young attendant my fond haste represt;
 I fear'd—he was not in thy livery drest.
 The chair now stops, the pole aside they draw,
 My wounded eyes thy waiting lover saw:

Nor

OENONE PARIDI.

*Aspicit immensum moles nativa profundum;
 Mons fuit : æquoreis illa resistit aquis.
 Hinc ego vela tuæ cognovi prima carinae:
 Et mihi per fluctus impetus ire fuit.
 Dum moror, in summa fulsit mihi purpura prora.
 Pertimui : cultus non erat ille tuus.
 Fit propior, terrasque cita ratis attigit aura:
 Fæmineas vidi corde tremente genas.*

Non

Nor that enough—distraction and despair!—
 That waiting lover leads thee from thy chair;
 My night-gown then with gushing tears I stain,
 My night-cap tear, and beat my troubled brain:
 I fill the Circus with my frantic moan;
 The conscious Crescent echoes to my groan.
 Thus may thy present swain deserted grieve,
 And wounds, as bitter as he gives, receive!

For

OE N O N E P A R I D I.

Non satis id fuerat : quid enim furiosa morabar?

Hærebat gremio turpis amica tuo.

Tunc vero rupique sinus, & pectora planxi,

Et secui madidas ungue rigente genas :

Implevique sacram querulis ululatibus Iden.

Illinc has lacrymas in mea saxa tuli.

Sic Helene doleat, desertaque conjuge ploret ;

Quæque prior nobis intulit, ipsa ferat !

For thee now suit such Youths of rakish fame,
 As to the Commons send the married Dame :
 When History could thy purer thoughts divert,
 Thy Patriot Doctor was thy only flirt.
 Think not vain titles can my wish enflame,
 The legal Husband of the learned Dame ;
 Tho' e'en the pride of the historic Muse
 Need not the honour of my hand refuse.

I yet

OENONE PARIDI.

Nunc tibi conveniunt, quæ te per aperta sequantur

Æquora, legitimos destituantque viros.

At cum pauper eras, armentaque pastor agebas,

Nulla, nisi Oenone, pauperis uxor erat.

Non ego miror opes, nec me tua regia tangit,

Nec de tot Priami dicar ut una nurus.

Non tamen ut Priamus Nymphæ socer esse recuset ;

Aut Hecubæ fuerim dissimulanda nurus.

E

Dignaque

I yet a well-read Widow can embrace;
 I yet have strength that mighty post to grace:
 Tho' Folly's cap for Freedom's I mistook,
 Well on these temples would a Mitre look.
 Safe was my love; no windy breeding qualm
 Could rise to interrupt its halcyon calm.
 This dangerous Youth, by fiercer passion led,
 May plant these troubles in thy bridal bed.
 These

OENONE PARIDI.

Dignaque sum, & cupio fieri matrona potentis.

Sunt mihi, quas possint sceptrum decere, manus.

Nec me, faginea quod tecum fronde jacebam,

Despice: purpureo sum magis apta toro.

Denique, tutus amor meus est tibi. nulla parantur

Bella, nec ultrices advehit unda rates.

Tyndaris infestis fugitiva reposcitur armis.

Hac venit in thalamos dote superba tuos.

These oft will send the sickly pregnant mother
 To ask advice of her prescribing brother ;
 Of those whose thoughts obstetric arts engage,
 And every nurse that is renown'd for age.
 Can such mean knowledge be thy sordid aim,
 Preferring nuptial joy to civic fame ?
 Nor think this Youth will be for ever fond,
 Tho' bound so swiftly in the nuptial bond.

As

 OENONE PARIDI.

*Quæ si sit Danaïs reddenda, vel Hæctora fratrem,
 Vel cum Deïphobo Polydamanta roga.*

*Quid gravis Antenor, Priamus quid suadeat ipse,
 Consule ; quæ ætas longa magistra fuit.*

Turpe rudimentum, patriæ præponere raptam.

*Causa pudenda tua est ; iusta vir arma movet.
 Nec tibi, si sapias, fidam promitte Laccenam,*

Quæ sit in amplexus tam cito versa tuos.

Ut

As wives in Bath have mourn'd their failing hope,
 And seen their husbands with their cooks elope;
 So may'st thou mourn.—No widow's faded charms
 Can hold unchanging transport in her arms.
 He loves thee now—so Clodio lov'd his bride,
 Yet in a separate bed she long has sigh'd.
 O happy S——e for pure faith renown'd;
 Hadst thou a bridegroom like thy brother found!

But

OE NONE PARIDI.

*Ut minor Atrides temerati fœdera lecti
 Clamat, & externo læsus amore dolet;
 Tu quoque clamabis. Nulla reparabilis arte
 Læsa pudicitia est: deperit illa semel.
 Ardet amore tui? sic & Menelaon amavit.
 Nunc jacet in viduo credulus ille toro.
 Felix Andromache, certo bene nupta marito!
 Uxor ad exemplum fratris habenda fui.*

Tu

But lighter thou, than leaves whose verdure's past,
 When dried they flutter in the driving blast,
 Less weight in thee, than in the wasted wheat,
 When parch'd it shrinks beneath the solar heat.
 Thus, I remember, with prophetic rage,
 My wise relations mock'd my liberal age,
 You sow, they cry'd, upon a barren sand;
 Your worn-out ox toils thro' a fruitless land:
 An

OENONE PARIDE

*Tu levior foliis, tunc cum, sine pondere succi,
 Mobilibus ventis arida facta cadunt,
 Et minus est in te, quam summa pondus arista,
 Quæ levis assiduis solibus usta riget.
 Hoc tua (nam recolo) quondam germana canebat,
 Sic mihi diffusis vaticinata comis?
 Quid facis, Oenone? quid arenæ semina mandas?
 Non profecturis littora bubus aras.*

An Irish Bull in youthful vigour bold;
 Stop him! he comes—that Irish Bull behold;
 Drive him, ye Powers, into some distant pound;
 How will his rampant rage thro' Bath resound!
 When female Sages thus foretold my fate,
 My short hair bristled on my shaven pate.
 Alas! too true were these prophetic strains,
 That Irish Bull in my enclosure reigns.

Strong

OENONE PARIDI.

Graja juvenca venit, quæ te, patriamque, domumque

Perdat. iō, probibe; Graja juvenca venit.

Dum licet, obscenam ponto, Di, mergite puppim.

Heu quantum Phrygiæ sanguinis illa vebit!

Dixerat. in cursu famule rapuere furem.

At mihi flaventes diriguere comæ.

Ab nimium vates misera mihi vera fuisse?

Possidet en saltus illa juvenca meos.

F

Sit

Strong tho' he be, he has that strength display'd
 In the dear service of some favourite maid;
 Whom, to the pleasures of this smiling shore,
 Some Irish captain had convey'd before.
 And can thy Swain still disengag'd be thought?
 My prying love this secret story caught.
 This you may call mere passion's short-liv'd league;
 But such intriguers will through life intrigue.
 Still

OENONE PARIDI.

*Sit facie quamvis insignis, adultera certe est,
 Deseruit socios hospite capta Deos.
 Illam de patria Theseus, (nisi nomine fallor)
 Nescio quis Theseus, abstulit ante sua.
 A juvene & cupido credatur reddita virgo.
 Unde hoc compererim tam bene, quæris? amor.
 Vim licet appelles, & culpam nomine veles;
 Quæ toties rapta est, præbuit ipsa rapi.*

Still true to thee thy Patriot Doctor's seen,
 Tho' thy example might his frailty screen.
 Me the warm Dowagers, an amorous crew,
 Around the tables of Quadrille pursue :
 And the old Countess, whom a cap adorns,
 Like Bath's proud Crescent, with projecting horns.
 One good old woman lov'd ; she lov'd me well,
 And to her lot my first embraces fell :

With

With

OENONE PARIDIO

*At manet Oenone fallenti casta marito :
 Et poteras falli legibus ipse tuis.
 Me Satyri celeres (silvis ego tecta latebam)
 Quæsierunt rapido turba proterva pede :
 Cornigerumque caput pinu præcinctus acuta
 Faunus, in immensis qua tumet Ida jugis.
 Me fide conspicuus Trojæ munitor amavit.
 Ille meæ spoliū virginitatis habet.*

Id

Id

With skill she set her cap my hand to gain,
 And that great honour was obtain'd with pain.
 Yet on her wealthy dower I scorn'd to dwell,
 For his sound body no Divine should sell,
 She her best knowledge did on me bestow,
 And taught me all, that good old women know.
 What well-still'd waters are for colics sure,
 And what cathartics will my country cure.

Alas !

OENONE PARIDI

*Id quoque luctando; rupi tamen ungue capillos;
 Oraque sunt digitis aspera facta meis.
 Nec pretium stupri gemmas aurumve poposci.
 Turpiter ingenuum munera corpus emunt.
 Ipse, ratus dignam, medicas mihi tradidit artes;
 Admisitque meas ad sua dona manus.
 Quæcunque herba potens ad opem, radixque medendi
 Utilis in toto nascitur orbe, mea est.*

Alas ! no remedies my woes relieve ;
 For me a Whig my Whiggish friends deceive,
 E'en Wilkes himself, the idol of our tribe,
 Against a Whiggish jilt can nought prescribe :
 On me no aid from church or state can flow,
 Tis thou, thou only canst relief bestow :
 Thou canst bestow, and some desert I boast,
 I rail not with thy foes the Tory host.

In

OE NONE PARIDI.

Me miseram, quod amor non est medicabilis herbis !

Deficior prudens artis ab arte mea.

Ipse repertor opis vaccas pavisse Pheræas

Fertur, & e nostro saucius igne fuit.

Quod neque graminibus tellus fecunda creandis,

Nec Deus auxilium, tu mihi ferre potes.

Et potes, & merui. dignæ miserere puellæ.

Non ego cum Danaïs arma cruenta fero.

In fondling thee my second childhood plays,
 Still on thy nurfling with affection gaze,
 Thine to the latest of his doting days.

OE N O N E P A R I D I.

Sed tua sum, tecumque fui puerilibus annis :

Et tua, quod superest temporis, esse precor.

In fondling those my second childhood plays
Still on thy nursing with affection gaze
Thine to the last of his dying days

OF NONE PARLID

And in your tower you have your dwelling
By the sea, and the sea is your dwelling

THE
FEMALE HISTORIAN
TO THE
PATRIOT DIVINE;

OR, A
MODEST PLEA *for the* RIGHT of WIDOWS.

A DIDACTIC EPISTLE.

NATURAMQUE SEQUI PATRIÆQUE IMPENDERE VITAM.

H

THE
FEMALE HISTORIAN
TO THE
PATRIOT DIVINE

OR A
Modest Plea for the Right of Widows.
A DIDACTIC EPISTLE.

NATURAMQUE SEQUI PATRIAEQUE IMPENDERE VITAM.

T H E
F E M A L E H I S T O R I A N, &c.

NO more, my friend, your jaded spirit vex,
But hear in me the champion of my sex*.

While now in Hymen's common-hall I frame
A just remonstrance to a tyrant's claim;

* POPE is perhaps the only author of eminence, who has done full justice to that patriotic spirit which appears to actuate the Widows of modern time.—In a note on the twenty-fourth line of the fifteenth *Odyssey*, he pays them the following compliment.—“ Whenever they
“ are prevailed upon to a second marriage, do they not chuse out
“ the strongest, best built, and most vigorous youth of the nation?
“ For what other reason, but that such constitutions may be a security against their ever feeling the like calamity again? What I
“ have here said shews, that the world is well changed since the
“ times of Homer; and however the race of man is dwindled and
“ decayed since those ages, yet it is a demonstration that the Modern Ladies are not to blame for it.”

And

And teach my friend in this historic letter,

To know the female constitution better.

To Widows some a second lord deny;

One king, one husband, is their Tory cry:

For such base tenets let High-Churchmen fight;

Still Habeas Corpus is the Widow's right.

Tho' ancient fathers of the Romish pale

'Gainst second nuptials most severely rail:

Tho' beastly Jerome *, that ill-manner'd saint,

In grossest terms the bridal Widow paint:

Tho' Gallic slaves, with President Du Vair †,

Against her hymenæal claim declare :

Tho'

* This asperity of expression in our fair Authress, will not be censured by those who recollect that St. Jerome most profanely asserts, " that a widow who marries again, is *canis revertens ad vomitum, & sus lota ad volutabrum luti.*"

Vide Hieron. Epist. ad Furiam.

† The Sieur du Vair, President of the Parliament of Provence, pronounced a decree, in which he quoted many passages from the

Heathen

Tho' France, whose servile sons have ever drown'd
 Their sense of servitude in sportive sound,
 Mock the free Widow, who, by Nature led,
 Seeks in just haste a second bridal bed;
 And with impertinent, licentious noise,
 In rough * charivaris insult her joys;
 Superior maxims us'd this Isle to grace,
 Here liberal reason drew the Widow's case:
 Sense was her counsel, truth allow'd her plea,
 And custom ratified the just decree.
 But now our ancient English spirit fled,
 Oppression seizes e'en the Widow's bed.

Heathen writers, and from the ancient fathers, against second marriages; and by mistaking a passage in St. Jerome, made Portia, the celebrated wife of Brutus, declare, "that an honest woman marries
 "but once."—That excellent female patriot was of far different sentiments, for Brutus was her second husband.

Vide Bayle, article Portia.
 * Charivari is a sort of rough music, with which they used to serenade Widows on their second marriage. *Vide Carpentier's Glossarium, on the words Carivarium & Charavaria.*

Shall wicked Tories, without due correction,
 Wound her dear rights, her freedom of election?
 Shall British Widows servilely submit,
 To rough charivaris of Gallic wit?
 No, ye fair honours of my native land;
 Behold your faithful champion still I stand.
 Rouse then, ye Widows, rouse with patriot aim,
 And nobly vindicate our spousal claim.
 For vain is Nature's law and Freedom's plan,
 Unless we all co-operate with Man.
 In ancient times when England yet was free,
 The honest Widow who possess'd a fee,
 Bound by old custom chose a valiant mate,
 By marriage-service * to defend the state:

* Old Maids and Widows, who were charged with any personal
 or military services, were anciently obliged to marry, to render those
 services by their Husbands; and this was called, "Duty or service
 of Marriage."

And

And now debas'd shall British Widows feel
 A cold indifference for Britain's weal?
 And not prefer, in dangerous times like these,
 Their public duty to their private ease?
 While rous'd to arms, all ranks, all ages boast,
 A martial spirit to defend our coast.
 Ye wealthy Widows of our Isle combine,
 Embodied now let your Militia shine;
 Of men well-pick'd compleat your own array,
 To Grenadiers alone your bounty pay;
 And like the thundering legion bid them stand
 Firm in the battle's front—The Widow's Band.

You thought, my friend, your monumental love
 Could place a Widow every want above.
 Of your affection the strange child I own,
 And love my image in your sacred stone;
 But Nature bids me, for my country's sake,
 Of this fine form a better semblance make,

From softer mould produce the plastic frame,
 And breathe into the clay Promethean flame.
 While luxury, that pestilential woe,
 Is England's bane, and procreation's foe:
 While civil war, to swell his distant flood,
 Drains from this wasted Isle its vital blood:
 Reason enjoins us, for our native earth,
 To raise new strength, and give young Patriots birth,
 This noblest work shall now my thoughts employ;
 I know it duty, and I feel it joy.
 And surely you, so fond of England's fame,
 Will give your blessing to my patriot aim.

The female heart, though Nature's dearest friend,
 Has often wander'd from this glorious end:
 While dark designing Priests, in woman's frame,
 With superstition's smoke have clouded Nature's flame.
 E'en learned dames, the honour of their age,
 Have stain'd with prudery their politest page.

The

The fair Gonzaga * whose accomplish'd mind
 The powers of learning and of wit combin'd,
 Too rashly calls the decent dames unchaste,
 Who twice the hallow'd cup of Hymen taste,
 Another lady of that honour'd name †,
 Marks with a quaint device her senseless flame ;

* Lucretia Gonzaga, one of the most accomplished women of the sixteenth century, and highly celebrated for the elegance of her letters, printed at Venice, 1552 ; in one of which she unguardedly affirms, " that a woman who marries again was never reckoned chaste " — A sentiment for which she is justly corrected by the philosophic Bayle. See his *Dictionary*, article *Gonzaga Lucretia*.

† Gonzaga Julia, Duchess of Trajetto, Countess of Fondi, and Wife of Vespasian Colonna : After her Husband's death she took for her device an Amaranthus, which the Herbalists call Love-flower, with this motto, " Non moritura." For the singular history of her escape from Barbarossa, King of Algiers, See *Brantome*, *Vies des Dames illustres*.

K

And

And bids the Amaranth's unchanging bloom
 Proclaim her wedded to her husband's tomb,
 'Tis thus that vanity's dim vap'rish fire
 Usurps the place of luminous desire :
 But weak the mind that vanity can bend
 From Nature's dictate, from creation's end.
 Not all the efforts of your fondest art,
 From this great duty could divert my heart ;
 When on a gorgeous throne you seated high,
 Me the dear idol of your dazzled eye :
 When softest poets hail'd your mimic queen,
 And you the hero of that puppet-scene.
 Where open Vanity mov'd all the wires ;
 While motley Muses squeak as she inspires.
 Fondly I listen'd while my praises flow'd,
 Thro' the long stanza of the rumbling ode.
 But even then I did not quite forget
 My country's higher claims, and woman's debt,

Her civic debt, which she alone repays,
 Who strives the civic fund of living wealth to raise.
 Yet these just thoughts in flattering songs you drown,
 Fearing to touch the matrimonial crown.
 Thus artful Cromwell taught Britannia's ear,
 With fond regard his jargon to revere :
 When, though inflam'd with proud ambition's heat,
 He fear'd to leap into her royal seat.

But learn from me, thou Patriot most profound,
 The Widow's deeper politics to found.
 If Nature's call each dormant wish alarms,
 And all the state of woman sounds to arms ;
 A new elective king she hastes to own,
 And wisely fills the abdicated throne ;
 In such a crisis she confirms her choice
 By Nature's sanction, and by Freedom's voice.
 The advocate of liberty, I still
 Draw in her dear defence my patriot quill.

I still to you important truths address;
 May you their public merit still confess;
 Still prize each letter that my zeal indites;
 And in these lines revere The Widow's Bill of Rights!

11:7:49

Thus ardent Cromwell taught Britannia's ear,

With fond regard his jargon to revere;

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By Nature's sanction, and by Freedom's voice.

The advocate of liberty, I will

Draw in her dear defence my patriot quill.